

# THE EVENING BULLETIN.

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NUMBER 102.

## AT THE CHURCH GATE.

Although I enter not,  
Yet round about the spot  
Ofttimes I hover,  
And near the sacred gate  
With longing eyes I wait  
Expectant of her.  
  
The minster bell tolls out  
Above the city's rout  
And noise and humming.  
They've hushed the minster bell.  
The organ 'gins to swell.  
She's coming! She's coming!  
  
My lady comes at last,  
Timid and stepping fast  
And hastening hither,  
With modest eyes downcast.  
She comes! She's here! She's past!  
May heaven go with her!  
  
Kneel undisturbed, fair saint!  
Pour out your praise or plaint  
Meekly and duly.  
I will not enter there  
To sully your pure prayer  
With thoughts unruly.  
  
But suffer me to pace  
Round the forbidden place,  
Lingering a minute,  
Like outcast spirits who wait  
And see through heaven's gate  
Angels within it.

—Thackeray.

## GOSPEL OF TRUTH.

Percy Lennox was sufficiently piqued by the calmness with which pretty Miss Graham had accepted his attentions to wish to rouse her, even to hurt her. This unworthy desire he did not acknowledge to himself. He merely acted in furtherance of its indulgence. Afterward he told himself that he had erred simply because he had been carried away by the girl's own high sounding theories. "The woman tempted me," he apologetically whispered.

The Macdonald Castle was nearing England. Four and twenty hours more and she would be rid of her passengers. What time of residence remained to them upon her was occupied in the settling up of affairs. Bits of needlework were receiving finishing touches, books were being hastily perused to a close, gambling debts satisfied and flirtations carried to various climaxes.

Lennox and Miss Graham came to the end of an important conversation, which had been confessional so far as the man was concerned, somewhat lamely.

"You said the other day that you would always have the truth at whatever price," he remarked. "I have given it to you. Are you glad?"

"I am glad," she answered firmly, though she did not, as was her custom, look up into his eyes as she spoke.

"Is there anything more to be said?" he asked.

She was still calm—far too calm to please him. He was vexed that in proportion to her imperturbability his own emotions became roused.

"Nothing—so far as you are concerned. But for myself!"

"For yourself?" he repeated eagerly, altering his position involuntarily in response to a movement on her part.

"For myself; but that need not matter," was her reply as she rose. She gathered her needlework together and moved off. "I have a lot of packing to do," she explained as she left him. "Mother insists."

During the journey from Southampton to Waterloo the next day he occupied his imagination and thinking powers, such as they were, with visions of and ruminations concerning the girl he had returned from the Cape to marry. Daisy Thornton filled the vacuum left by Mary Graham, and filled it with sunshine and gayety. Lennox tossed his head backward and laughed with content when one of his visions was realized, and on the arrival platform he saw his fiancee, proud in the consciousness of smartness of form, feature and toilet, waiting his appearance.

"There you are, darling!" he cried as he sprang from the train almost before it was stopped and grasped her arm. "A sight for sore eyes!"

"Percy!" she remonstrated, though her own upturned face had begged the resounding kiss he presently gave her. It was the first of many she received between then and their arrival at her father's house at Gypsy Hill, whither she conducted him, for in the train he caressed her fervently, asking her to tell him instantly upon what day he might call her in very truth his own precious little wife.

"Let's have our holiday first," she pleaded with some lack of compliment. "The wedding's to be a week before you and I go back together to Cape Town. I shall be seasick all the way. I know I shall."

He kissed her again and told her not to talk about the voyage. His shrug of the shoulders sought to dispel the vision of Mary Graham rather than that of Daisy's fear. He passed to renewed and fervent admiration of his chosen one with such devotion that her conscience pricked her, and she registered a half vow that, though she had determined not to make mountaintops out of molehills, but to hide from him a certain lapse that had occurred during his absence in her loyalty to him, she would tell him all at a convenient season and set forth on her new life unburdened by any secret. This she would find a difficulty in doing, apart from the natural unpleasantry of confessing such a thing, owing to her relative position and Percy's, which for many months before their en-

gagement had been that of cat and mouse, or, as Daisy herself expressed it, "she would and she wouldn't." Daisy, her father's only daughter, had at first considerably looked down upon young Lennox, his overseer at the boot factory in Houndsditch. His persistence and her parent's high opinion of his business abilities had, however, prevailed, but not to cause the girl to abandon a conviction of her own immeasurable superiority in every particular.

It is almost always a mistake for a person on a pinnacle to descend voluntarily from that point of vantage. Daisy Thornton, weary in mind and physically ill, retired to her own room, after making confession to her lover, to realize this truth. A fortnight of the three weeks that were to elapse before their marriage had sped by, and Lennox was on the next day going up to Manchester to see a married sister who lived there, when Daisy poured forth her tale. It was a very simple one, a very innocent one, and Lennox, had his own mind been absolutely free of reproach, would have laughed the tale to merry scorn and kissed away the tears that glistened on the eyelashes of his whilom queen. Nevertheless, the very innocence of the recital annoyed him now, for growing up in his mind was a realization of the internal workings of matters that had before appeared to him stupidly simple. Business success seemed no longer the fulfilment of every aim. He was haunted by Mary Graham's foolish notions, particularly by the one that claimed truth to be worth the world and its wealth and was unreasonably chagrined that Daisy, who knew nothing of such ideas, should be carrying one out. Daisy Thornton therefore went to bed in a passion of tears, and Lennox left her more really cross, "put out" his fiancee would have expressed it, than he had ever been—not with her, but even with any one. What was deserting him was the saving characteristic of his class—the knack of letting things slide. He was becoming critical. All the opposite sides were revealing themselves to him and with this annoying clamor for truth, which he did not understand, ringing in his ears the eyes of his mind were confused and knew not what they saw.

In such a mood he went to Manchester and there accidentally met Mary Graham. He met her with a mind in which the humility that had last dominated it on board the Macdonald Castle was revived. He found that she was teaching in a high school. Her position was that of a lady, of course, so far as her own circle was concerned, though the salary she earned was small and the rooms she and her mother occupied were poor; but, in the estimation of Percy Lennox, it was beneath the one he occupied.

This pleased him. In the old days when he had first of all aspired to Daisy Thornton he had recognized her superiority to himself without a pang, for then he had judged every standard by its monetary worth. Now it galled him very much to know that his future father-in-law and Daisy herself held him less high than themselves. He had even tormented himself with occasional convictions that Miss Graham had been looking down upon him on the Macdonald Castle, though at the time of their acquaintance this thought had never afflicted him. Travel had dimmed the old conventional faiths, but they had revived with unwelcome insistence upon his arrival in England again.

He met Mary Graham and one most comfortably humble because it was cheerfully conscious of superiority in social value at least. She was looking a shade paler than when they had parted, but otherwise prettier than ever, for her complexion was still more dazzlingly fair and clear than it had been then, and into her eyes, until she bade them become expressionless, a look of glad surprise beamed which lit them up into surpassing beauty.

It was on a tram car that the rencontre took place. The one vacant seat there was that into which Lennox subsided by Mary's side. Mary sought to mitigate the forbidding repulsion of the glance she had endeavored to flash at him after the first soft one of welcome by politely bowing and hoping he was well. Lennox saw his opportunity and with characteristic eagerness took it. The girl's rare beauty and exquisite refinement intoxicated him, and with sudden clarity of conviction he understood that truth was indeed worth the world and the world's wealth and put his conviction to practical utility.

"No," said he in response to a further question from Mary, "I am not married." He led her to suppose he was not going to be by a movement of his mouth and the sudden turning aside of his head, not a premeditated deceit, but one of which he took advantage when the passing of the conductor made conversation once more possible, and a visible relaxation in his companion's manner assured him that she believed him a free man.

"I have been thinking a—much of what we used to talk about on board the Macdonald Castle," he proceeded gently. It was on his lips to say "a lot," but the expression was refused. Unconsciously he cleaned his mind of slang in her presence. He was his better self outwardly when she was by.

"Have you?" she asked lamely.

"Yes. And what you said about truth is my belief now. People would save themselves a great amount of trouble if truth were their watchword, Miss Graham."

Mary Graham began to feel uneasy. Though she was the woman of the Macdonald Castle this bourgeois at her side was not the man. Something had lowered him. She felt it was so. Even her innate goodness and generosity forbade the denial of this fact. She began to look forward eagerly, as if to make sure that her destination was not passed. Lennox noticed the movement and recognized what it meant, and upon his part registered a vow to treat her mercilessly, to follow her if need be wherever she went, to pester her with adoration, to wring from her a consent to marry him. The indifference of the early days on board the Macdonald Castle when he was wont to flit patronizingly and for him quite pedantically with the little girl, as he called her to himself, had turned on him and was rending him with the fierce pangs of love. With a bitter hate he thought of Daisy Thornton. She had enjoyed a brief interlude of amusement with a man one summer at Margate. The wretch had once even tried to hold her hand in his. What was she to keep him to a promise? She would find many a fellow willing to take her hand and her money, while he—Percy Lennox—would be champion of the cause of truth. It was Mary Graham he loved, not Daisy Thornton.

Thoughts such as these were foreign to his nature. They tripped one another up in his mind, leaving him like a man bewildered and a little frightened, full of fretfulness and impatience. Mary Graham held out her hand before she alighted from the car.

"I may walk with you just a little way, may I not?" he pleaded.

She shook her head in negation. "I am close to home," she said.

"I will come," he muttered and followed her.

There was a public park just opposite. Mary Graham led the way into it.

"Now," she said, turning to Lennox, "tell me what you want."

"Will you marry me?" he asked.

"Will you answer me one question with absolute truth?" she asked, "before I answer?"

He consented, little thinking what it would be.

"Is your engagement really broken off?" she demanded, and though the words were searching her eyes once more began to shine with the wonderful love light she could not quite deny them.

He reddened and was speechless.

Then Mary Graham faced him. "You are not free," she said in cutting accents, "and yet for the second time you offer yourself to me. I have thought sometimes that plead as I might for you with myself you were worthless and cruel at heart, and now I am convinced. I am going to leave you immediately, and I shall never willingly see you again. If I should see you, I shall not acknowledge you. Do not attempt to come farther. If you do, I will appeal to a friend of mine whom I see sitting on that seat to protect me from you."

"Say goodby to me," he urged, his lips trembling and his face white with hidden sorrow.

She turned impetuously and stretched forth both her hands. "Goodby," she said, "goodby. God bless you and make you a good husband, Mr. Lennox."

Then she again left him, every limb vibrating to the painful beating of her heart.

The next day at noon Lennox was back at Gypsy Hill. He had found a telegram awaiting him that evening at his sister's announcing the serious illness of Daisy Thornton, who had been attacked with severe cold the day after his departure, and when he arrived at his prospective father-in-law's house it was to learn that she was suffering from pneumonia.

Strangely enough, this unexpected turn of events did not distress Daisy nor fill Lennox with remorse. Daisy was too ill to know how ill she was and lay in a kind of martyrlike stupor, half glad to suffer for that little Margate's sake, with the comforting conviction that Lennox would accept the penance and forgive fully and freely, while Lennox was existing, after the passion of what had passed, with a mind paralyzed into acquiescence for what was in store for him. The interlude indeed was welcome to the pair. Neither for a moment doubted its brevity nor expected any ending to it but that of their wedding.

But it came to pass that the serious side of the affair had at last to be broken to Lennox. With almost a tenderness the old Houndsditch boot and shoe maker told him one evening that there would be not the remotest chance of the wedding taking place before Lennox had to leave England. He added that though it seemed a cruel shame to say so his advice to Percy was to proceed to South Africa, whither he, her father, would bring Daisy when she was recovered from her illness and was able to travel so far.

Again Lennox accepted the inevitable with the sullen, unfeeling doggedness that had marked his hearing of Daisy's illness. So he departed, with no bitterness in his farewell to Daisy, in accordance

with the doctor's orders, but with the air and manner of a broken hearted man. At the end Daisy's father hesitated much as to whether he should give or withhold a letter he had written to him concerning the real opinion of medical men upon Daisy's case. Utterly crushed and desolated himself, old Mr. Thornton was yet man enough to feel the deathlike blow that such a communication would deal to one so shortly to have become a bridegroom. Yet he gave the letter to Lennox when he said goodby and told him to read it some time on board ship. "It was of no great consequence," he declared, soothing his own uncertainty as to whether he ought or ought not to have delivered it; "only a little matter."

Lennox changed the clothes he had worn on embarking to others when he got on board ship and left the letter in his pocket of the ones he discarded. It happened, therefore, that he never thought of Mr. Thornton's parting charge until he had been five days out at sea, and then it was only with a very lukewarm desire to read the epistle that he fetched it and took it up with him on deck.

It was a warm, weird evening. The sun had set behind bars of light cloud, which now were angrily red, while the sky itself was luridly, curiously colored. Lennox was oblivious to atmospheric influences. Had he been habitually prone to observations of nature he might have noticed an analogy between what he saw and his attitude of mind, for just as the sullen, brooding sky was so was he—sullen, brooding—and as the sullenness of that brooding was bound to end in rupture so was his.

The letter lay read beside him presently, and soon a puff of wind took it and carried it overboard. Lennox made no effort to recover it, but sat absolutely motionless, apparently unconscious of thought, but with a mind which quickly seethed with tumult, realization, regrets, maledictions, tumbling over one another in a veritable maelstrom of disorder. He had learned from the letter that there was not a shadow of hope that Daisy would recover. As his thoughts crystallized into recognizable conclusions he became aware that all his soul revolted with sickening disgust against the edict. It was not Daisy he regretted. She lay there, pushed aside into a corner of his mind, a poor corpse covered with her winding sheet, cut off from further consideration. Fronted him Mary Graham, her eyes serene with judgment, her face calmly conclusive. No spoken words proceeded from those firm, red lips, yet Lennox knew his sentence. "Even if I went back," his miserable conviction ran, "she would not have me." That was the truth, and he was aware of it and was aware that no shuffling, no juggling, no miracle, would compass alteration. "Curse the truth," he muttered constantly, "curse it, curse it, curse it. And chance—curse that too. If I'd never met her in Manchester and lied to her and misled her and played the fool with her, I might have worked it. To think I should have been as near her then as I was only to lose her!"

He began to move about the deck, walking with curious twitted step, as if some impish gnome tripped him up as he went. His lips moved constantly, and now and then he spat words out. He blamed fate, he blamed himself. He looked back and could have died with the vehemence of his loathing for himself as he was now compared with himself as he had been, businesslike, selfishly careless, scheming, debonair, on board the Macdonald Castle, when he first met Mary Graham. Honor and he had made acquaintance when Mary had come into his life, and though he had batten down the hatch, had turned a deaf ear to its teaching, had smothered its rare fair face and trampled on its cleanly hands it lived to his undoing. "She wouldn't have me now," he groaned.

He knew she wouldn't. Mary was as dead and buried for him as Daisy was. The lurid sky, the steely sea, heaved to meet and demolish one another. The heavens seemed to Lennox to be pressing around him. He put up his hands to his head, afraid. Then an impulse took him to where a heap of rope lay coiled upon the deck. He mounted it and stood gazing over at the water, his head nodding as if in motion with his body, but really in rhythm with the execrations that were tumbling and turning in his poor miserable brain.

It was getting dark and cold. Down below and even on the deck the dinner bell clanged, now loud, now low. Lennox did not heed it, but still stood in foolish, unmeaning contemplation.

"A nasty looking night, sir," remarked a sailor whose acquaintance he had made.

Lennox moved off a bit, but presently resumed his place.

"The bell's gone some time, sir," the man observed, passing him again.

"Oh, let it go," responded Lennox. The mere speaking of the words recalled him. He laughed a little and quickly turned. "I'm not going to jump over if that's what you mean," said he, shuffling off with some of his accustomed swagger. He turned his head over his shoulder and flung a parting jest at the man. "You make your boats too jolly difficult for suicides," he said.

Down in the saloon his mood changed. He became expansive. A man with whom he had struck up a traveling comradeship received from him a half whispering, quite pathetic history of his sad case—the case, that is to say, as affecting Daisy. He never mentioned Mary. A great deal of sympathy was expressed for him in the rough, odd way of men of his class. The two drank a lot together, and the companion encouraged Lennox in his disposition to gulp down much more than he usually did. He thought he had done a good night's work for Lennox when he assisted him to his berth, a mass of maudlin grief and tears.

"We'll make a day of it, him and me, when we land tomorrow at Funchal," the kind creature determined.

They did make a day of it for other reasons than sorrow, for on the Macdonald Castle coming up to Madeira a telegram was handed up directed to Lennox. This his friend took to him, where he lay, very wretched, in his berth.

"Read it," he commanded.

The man tore it open, and the message spoke:

"Daisy much better. We come by next boat."

"It's as well," Lennox was understood to remark. But his friend did not see his face till he emerged on deck for the day's outing. Lennox had hidden it, and many more vehement curses, in his pillow.—Black and White.

## One Light That Never Fails.

Every one must recognize the beauty and many advantages possessed by the electric light, but perhaps few have thought of the discomforts to which a large part of the population would be put if this most modern and perfect illuminant were to supersede all the old forms in use.

An excellent example of this is to be found in the large workroom of the reporters in The Sun office. In this room are scores of incandescent electric lamps, and no one lacks for light, but at an odd corner there is always burning one little gas jet, whose light is insignificant, but dearer to the men who work about it than all the electric lights in the room.

Day and night, year in and year out, this gas jet burns with a flame not more than half an inch high and a quarter of an inch broad, and day and night it is the Mecca of every man who resorts to tobacco smoking to soothe his nerves or kill idle moments. Everybody knows where to find a light for cigar, pipe or cigarette. But this was not true years ago when the electric lights took the place of the old gas jets which lit the room. With these open lights in profusion no one had ever found it necessary to keep a stock of matches at hand for starting a smoke. For many a day and night after the electric lights were established there were great hunts through the office for matches, and then finally it became the fixed custom to keep a gaslight going at a corner near the sporting desk to accommodate the smokers.—New York Sun.

## Daudet and Animals.

Daudet had a lurking kindness for sinners. He pitied them, for he could not see how in the long run they could succeed in anything. But the self righteous were more offensive to him. I think he was right in saying that men and women who pass for having never sinned are unpleasant companions, and, from the day of judgment standard, perhaps the worst sinners of all. The sensibility shown in "Jack" and other works did not extend to animals. Daudet, though a cigalier, was deaf to the chirp of grasshopper and cricket. Birds have no place in his rural sketches. He could not understand the touching beauty of the "last friend" at the poor man's funeral. Animals were simply brutes to Daudet. At best they were warnings to human beings not to live merely to eat, sleep and leave posterity behind them. They sometimes were vices incarnate. Such were the fox, the serpent, the scorpion. What a selfish, heartless thing the ant was! It had a head if you will, but it was the sort of head that organizes labor in sooty factory towns. The dog

EVENING BULLETIN.

DAILY, EXCEPT SUNDAY.  
ROSSER & McCARTHY,  
Proprietors.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICES OF DAILY.  
One month..... 25 | Three months..... 75  
Six months..... \$1.50 | One year..... \$3.00

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 23, 1898.

For Kentucky—Wednesday fair weather, with a cold wave; northwesterly winds.

THE crisis in the troubles with Spain can not be delayed much longer. Congress and the people have been very patient.

Notice.

All persons without a scar of successful vaccination are required by law to be vaccinated at once.

Such of you who desire it will be vaccinated free of personal cost by Dr. S. R. Harover, alms house physician.

It is a duty of every good citizen to have his family physician examine each member of his household.

CLEON C. OWENS, Health Officer.

MONEY KINGS

Offering Thousands For Inside Information in Order to Juggle the Market.

NEW YORK, March 21.—Not content with spreading fallacious reports as to the finding of the Court of Inquiry into the Maine disaster to influence the market, the money kings of Wall street have sent emissaries to Key West to buy at any price the results of the investigation by the Court of Inquiry. Wall street money by the thousands is at Key West for bribery purposes. A story, well authenticated, comes from Key West to the effect that \$25,000 has been offered by an agent for a Wall street firm for advance information about the findings of the court.

The Wall street kings desire to know the findings of the court in advance, solely to use the information to manipulate the market for gain.

A dispatch from Jacksonville says that Jefferson M. Levy, of New York, is almost melting the cables in an effort to ascertain the finding of the court.

It is reported that he sent one message to Key West in which he said he understood that the Maine was the victim of accident. He appealed for the latest impression as to the finding of the court.

Tipsters from New York have flocked to Key West. They are prepared to get information in advance by any means and at any cost, and if they can't do so they give tips anyhow, and the market is jugged accordingly.

A Maysvillian Gets An Appointment.

Twelve Storekeepers and Gaugers were Monday afternoon appointed under Collector Sam Roberts in this district, owing to an increase in internal revenue business. They are: Frank D. Clark, Eugene Craig, C. T. West, F. G. Sparks, William T. Crosthwait, Carter M. Kash, Horace G. Holiday, Delano B. Walcott, J. H. Burbridge, Sam A. Barber, Hugh A. Daniel and Allen W. Cottingham. Mr. Holiday is the only Maysvillian on the fortunate list. He passed the civil service examination some time ago.

We would be glad to see a few of those miraculous applications of electricity to the uses and conveniences of common life which have been promised us so long materialize in actual shape, and we do not think we are unreasonable either.

MR. AND MRS. T. P. BRADLEY became separated while in Cincinnati yesterday and neither was able to find the other. Mrs. Bradley finally took the train for home, and Mr. Bradley had to be notified by a telegram from this city of her safe arrival here.

That man who recently tried to commit suicide by drowning repented the moment he touched the icy water off a ferryboat. All desire to kill himself was instantly taken out of him by that touch, and when he was able to grasp a rope which had been thrown overboard to him so that he could be drawn out of the water he was the gladdest man on this footstool. He did not know how much nerve it takes for a man to drown himself when the thermometer is at zero.

Beats the Klondike.

Mr. A. C. Thomas, of Marysville, Tex., has found a more valuable discovery than has yet been made in the Klondike. For years he suffered untold agony from consumption, accompanied by hemorrhages; and was absolutely cured by Dr. King's New Discovery for consumption, coughs and colds. He declares that gold is of little value in comparison with this marvelous cure; would have it, even if it cost a hundred dollars a bottle. Asthma, bronchitis and all throat and lung afflictions are positively cured by Dr. King's New Discovery for consumption. Trial bottles free at J. James Wood's drug store. Regular size 50 cents and \$1. Guaranteed to cure or price refunded.

THE CAROLINA POPLAR.

It is Greatly Admired As An Ornamental Shade Tree.

The trees recently planted in the open spaces of the Esplanade under the directions of the Mayor and Council are supposed to represent a variety of poplar (*populus angulata*) which has been highly esteemed for many years by arboriculturists and amateurs as an ornamental shade tree peculiarly suitable for parks, drives and other public places. In some parts of this country, and notably in its Southern habitat, it attains a remarkable size, often rising to a height of sixty or seventy feet, with an elegant, well-proportioned trunk, and an expanded summit of dark rich foliage airy and symmetrically disposed.

It is said to have been introduced into Europe in the early part of this century, where, on account of its exceeding beauty as a shade tree, it has maintained an undiminished popularity to the present day. It is an especial favorite with the French. In the forestry department of the Paris Exposition of 1889, nothing attracted more attention than this elegant and stately tree. In the latitude of Paris, where the winters are sometimes very severe, the terminal branches of this poplar are often destroyed by frost; but it possesses an exceptional vitality at heart, and being perfectly adapted to the climate in other respects, it is in universal demand as a shade tree, and imparts a peculiar richness and softness and finish to the exquisitely wooded landscapes of that country during the sunnier seasons of the year.

It is to be hoped that our Mayor will not let the good work cease. On sanitary as well as aesthetic grounds we ought to plant trees. As a purifier of the air a branch of vitalized leaves is better than a board of health, says a writer.

TOLLE--STITT NUPTIALS.

A Pretty Home Wedding Solemnized at Covington Tuesday Afternoon.

The handsome residence of Col. A. R. Mullins at 1032 Madison avenue, Covington, was the scene of a pretty home wedding Tuesday afternoon, the occasion being the marriage of his niece, Miss Julia Stitt, to Rev. Robert H. Tolle, of this city.

The ceremony was performed at 3 o'clock, Rev. William Mitchell, of Carlisle, officiating. About fifty of the couple's relatives and most intimate friends were present to witness the nuptials and join in the hearty good wishes and congratulations extended the bride and groom.

The happy couple left at 6 o'clock in the evening to spend a few days with friends at Crittenden, Ky.

The groom, one of Maysville's most worthy young men, is a son of Councilman Wm. A. Tolle. He is a promising young minister of the Baptist Church, having won his way by his own energies and his devotion to the cause of the Master. At present he is pastor at Stone Lick and Dover.

His pretty bride is not unknown in this county, as she has visited relatives near Orangeburg on several occasions, and has won many warm friends.

That their future may be a happy one, is the wish of their many friends.

The Scourge Spreading.

KNOXVILLE, TENN., March 21.—Despite the efforts of Federal and State officers to stamp out smallpox in East Tennessee and Kentucky the disease continues to spread. In Knoxville to-day five cases developed, and almost every small town has from one to a dozen cases. In one little place in Grainger County the Postmaster had it in bad form for ten days before it was known what it was. More than 100 people were exposed to him daily, and a large number are now affected.

Free Pills.

Send your address to H. E. Bucklen & Co., Chicago, and get a free sample box of Dr. King's New Life Pills. A trial will convince you of their merits. These pills are easy in action and are particularly effective in the cure of constipation and sick headache. For malaria and liver troubles they have been proved invaluable. They are guaranteed to be perfectly free from every deleterious substance and to be purely vegetable. They do not weaken by their action, but by giving tone to the stomach and bowels greatly invigorate the system. Regular size 25 cents per box. Sold by J. James Wood, druggist.

River News.

Stanley down to-night and Bonanza up for Pomeroy.

The Hudson will likely take the place of the Keystone State.

The Keystone State was detained at Pittsburg by a broken shaft. She had a big trip on board ready to leave when the break was discovered.

There have been heavy rains at headwaters and a stage of 25 feet or over is expected at Pittsburg to-day. All the coal in the pools will be brought out.

The Royal is the highest grade baking powder known. Actual tests show it goes one-third further than any other brand.



ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

FIRE INSURANCE.—Pickett & Respress, successors to Duley & Baldwin.

DID you hear about the "Senate?" 210 Market street. Open all night.

THERE are very few crops of tobacco left unsold in the Washington neighborhood.

'SQUIRE THOMAS DOWNING is reported quite unwell at his home near Washington.

The public schools at Richmond have been dismissed on account of the smallpox.

LIGGETT & MYERS have shipped 291,000 pounds of tobacco from Millersburg this season.

The temperature was up to 77° Tuesday, unusually warm for this season of the year.

THE Governor has vetoed the Goebel fellow-servants bill passed by the late Legislature.

TEN thousand dollars death or \$50 per week. Only \$25 per year, in Aetna Life, —Ed. Alexander.

WHY not buy the White & Martin business property on Second street March 26th, and stop rent.

MR. J. A. MANLY sold three hogsheads of tobacco at Cincinnati for \$10, \$10,50 and \$12.25 per hundred.

THERE has never been such a demand for tobacco cotton since it came into use as there has been this season.

MR. THOS. L. BEST got \$13.25, \$13.50 and \$14.25 per hundred for three hogsheads of tobacco sold at Cincinnati.

MR. AND MRS. TERENCE MACKY, of Paris, are thinking of returning to Washington, their former home, to reside.

DON'T forget sale of the White & Martin business property on Second street Saturday, March 26th. See ad. elsewhere.

MISS MAMIE MINTON is seriously ill with typhoid fever at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Mark Minton, of Forest avenue.

MR. JACOB SLACK is very ill at the home of his sister, Mrs. Captain Barrett, in Campbell County. His brother, Mr. Crenshaw Slack, was called to his bedside Sunday.

JUDGING from the large stock of goods P. J. Murphy, the jeweler, is receiving by express and freight he must certainly have bought goods very cheap from the assignee sale in Cincinnati.

AT a recent entertainment given at the State College, Lexington, Miss Mayme E. Young, of this city, representing Prof. Wernecke's German class, very ably declaimed one of Frederick Von Schiller's poems.

THERE may be some doubt yet as to how the Maine was blown up, but there is no doubt at all as to where you can secure the best jewelry in Maysville. Balsenger's is the place. His stock is unequalled.

DR. J. M. FRAZEE & BROTHER sold six hogsheads of tobacco at Cincinnati at prices ranging from \$13.75 to \$15.25 per hundred. They also sold five hogsheads at prices ranging from \$10.25 to \$14 per hundred.

A WRITER says this has been a very poor season for making maple molasses, but the usual quantity will be on the market, we suppose, as several new ways have been discovered whereby the "pure article" can be made without any trees entering the case at all. This is a progressive age.

COLONEL W. W. BALDWIN, one of the commissioners appointed by Governor Bradley to attend the launching of the battleship Kentucky, was not well enough this week to venture on the trip to Newport News. The Governor and his staff, the Louisville Board of Trade and many others from all over the State left Tuesday afternoon at 3 o'clock to witness the ceremonies. The editor of the BULLETIN acknowledges the receipt of an invitation from Colonel Baldwin to accompany the distinguished party.

WOMEN'S

Spring Garments

Handsome, fashionable black silk Capes, the very latest creations, beautifully silk lined and carefully finished. You'll soon find your winter coat burdensome.

Our attractive, stylish Capes will prove a welcome change. Price from \$3.50 to \$10. SEPARATE SKIRTS.—How much does it cost you to have a stylishly shaped dress skirt made? Your answer states what you can save on one of these. No, it hardly states it, for the makers bought the goods at wholesale, therefore cheaper than you could. At \$1.25 Skirts of Imported Cashmere, serge lined throughout and velvet bound. At \$2.89 Skirts of fancy Brocade, handsome enough to be \$5.00.

FOR RAINY DAYS.—We have Mackintoshes now so handsome women almost want them as much for style as for their usefulness, and they will be useful just as long as rainy days are likely to happen, and women must go calling, shopping or bread-winning rain or shine. These prices \$5.75, navy blue and black, wide diagonal single cape, rubber lining. At \$5 navy blue and black Serge, double cape, velvet collar, Scotch plaid lining. At \$5.98 blue, brown and black Serge, double texture, velvet collar, double cape and plaid lining.



D. HUNT & SON.

NOTICE

To the Delinquent City Taxpayers of '97.

City Council has ordered that all the taxes of 1897 that are not paid by April 1, 1898, be reported, and that the property will be advertised and sold. Please pay promptly and save yourselves the extra cost.

JAMES W. FITZGERALD, City Treasurer.

OFFICE: Keith-Schroeder Harness Company.

MRS. JOHANNA COUGHLIN.

Her Death Occurred Last Night as a Result of Paralysis and an Accident.

Mrs. Johanna Coughlin who was seized with a paralytic stroke at her home Tuesday morning, March 15th, and fell breaking her left leg between the knee and thigh, died from the effects of her injuries last night at 9:15 o'clock, after a week of suffering.

Mrs. Coughlin was born in County Tipperary, Ireland, about seventy-five years ago, but came to this county when quite young where most of her long life was spent. Her husband, Maurice Coughlin, preceded her to the grave many years ago, dying in 1870. She leaves four sons and two daughters,—Messrs. Den, Joseph, Maurice and Miss Lizzie, of this city, and Thomas, John and Mrs. Lawrence McNamara, of Germantown. She was a good Christian woman, charitable to a fault, and had the consolation of having her priest, her family and her friends in the last moments of her life, that were peaceful and serene.

The funeral will take place Friday morning at 9 o'clock at St. Patrick's Church. Burial at Washington.

Griffith Meetings Last Night at the Court House.

The attendance was much larger than the night before, and the speaker had the best of attention during the service. Many, both old and young, expressed themselves as being highly pleased with the evangelist's manner of preaching the plain gospel, with illustrations of his own personal experience before he became a Christian. He pictures to his listeners the dark side of life and then the bright side. He has had the experience and he knows how to tell it. The Secretary and members of the Y. M. C. A. feel that the meetings will be able to do a great good in our city, the object of the evangelist being to reach the class of people that the regular organized churches are not always able to reach. Four converted last night. Service every night this week, beginning 7:15. Everybody invited. A union meeting.

Kentucky Politics.

[Enquirer.]

Representative Waller Sharp, of Sharpsburg, Bath County, Kentucky, is at the Emery. He has 600,000 pounds of tobacco, 100 hogsheads of which he will put on the Cincinnati market this week.

"Yes, I voted for the election law," remarked Col. Sharp, "and am proud of it. The Republicans have stolen the Congressional election three times from the Democrats in our district, and we were compelled to do something for preventing these rank and notorious frauds. The election law is eminently satisfactory to all straight Democrats in my constituency, and it will be very popular throughout the State when properly understood. As to the gubernatorial nomination there is but one man in it, and that is Senator Goebel. I will bet even money and a good-sized pile of it, on him against the field. Eighteen out of every nineteen Democratic members in the Legislature left Frankfort for Goebel, for they know what he has done for the party. He will be the next Governor of Kentucky to a certainty."



See the beautiful finish

THE POWER LAUNDRY

puts on with their new Domestic Machine.

Office and Works, 124 W. Third. Phone 163.

Executor's Notice.

All persons having claims against the estate of Mrs. Jennie Worthington, deceased, are notified to present them at once, proven according to law, to the undersigned or his attorney, W. H. Wadsworth, of Maysville, Ky., and all persons knowing themselves indebted to said estate will please settle the same with the undersigned, without further notice or costs.

DR. SAMUEL BROUH, Executor  
Jennie Worthington, deceased.  
Box 11, Helena Station, Mason County, Ky.

Acetylene Gas, the Light of the Future.

Why not be independent and own our own little gas plant which will give four times more light than ordinary gas or electric lights at one-half the cost? App

FLANDRETH'S GARDEN SEED Now on Sale at CHENOWETH'S DRUG STORE.

# The Bee Hive!



YOUR EASTER BONNET PARAPHERNALIA can be purchased here. We do not trim hats, but we sell great quantities of the trimmings. It's to be Ribbons and Flowers this season, and we have them both galore. A large bunch of Violets at 4c., still larger bunches at 8c.; Carnations and Roses in all colors at 7c.; a great cluster of Daisies and American Beauty Roses at 15c.; and then there are Lilies of the Valley, Buttercups, Sweet Peas, Lilacs and Snow Balls at prices ranging from 15c. to 39c. These are all rare imitations of nature's choicest productions, at ridiculously low prices. Have you seen the narrow two-toned Ribbon? The proper thing for your new hat or bonnet. We have them in all colors at 4 cents a yard.

SPEAKING OF TRIMMINGS, you should see our great stock of all sorts of Braids. These will be largely used for all styles of dresses. We have new Tubulars in all shades, from 5 to 10c. a yard. Black Braids in all widths from 10c. upwards, and a late novelty is a tinsel Soutache in all colors at 5c. a yard. This trimming stock is truly large and varied, and prices as ever—way below others.

WE CANNOT BEGIN TO TELL YOU all that we would like about our great stocks of Ginghams, Percales, Madras Cloths, Egyptian and French Tissues, Organdies, etc. Briefly, they are all here in great profusion and at prices to suit prudent purchasers.

WE ARE MAKERS OF STRAW GOODS. Observe our window display of Ladies' Straw Sailors at 50c., 75c. and \$1.00. They cannot be equaled anywhere. Also a great line of Hats and Caps for the little tots at 15c. and upwards. It will pay you to inspect these.



## ROSENAU BROS.,

PROPRIETORS OF THE BEE HIVE

KINGS OF LOW PRICES.

### A CASE OF SMALLPOX.

A Negro Man Stricken With the Disease  
Near Minerva—Removed to the  
County Pest House.

Joseph Melville, a negro who came to this county about three weeks ago, and who has been working most of the time since then for Mr. Frank Boyd, Jr., near Minerva, was stricken with an attack of smallpox a day or so ago.

Dr. Adamson, of the Board of Health, was notified Monday night and went out early Tuesday morning to investigate. He pronounces it a genuine case of the disease.

Melville came here about three weeks ago from "Sausage Row," Cincinnati, according to his story, and was formerly from South Carolina.

He had been complaining for several days, and it is said attended a negro church at Minerva Sunday night. If this is true, the physicians in that neighborhood should at once see that the people in the community are all vaccinated.

Melville was removed last night about midnight to the county pest house in "Sleepy Hollow," south of the County Infirmary, where the case has been completely isolated.

A meeting of the Health Committee of the City Council, the Board of Education and other city officials was held last night to take steps to prevent a visitation of the smallpox. An order for general vaccination was decided on. The teachers were directed to ask all school children to be vaccinated.

Dr. S. M. Harover, City Physician, will vaccinate all persons, and especially children, who are too poor to pay for having it done.

If the request for vaccination be complied with by our citizens, there will be no danger of a visitation of the disease.

### Best of All.

To cleanse the system in a gentle and truly beneficial manner, when the springtime comes, use the true and perfect remedy, Syrup of Figs. Buy the genuine. Manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Company only, and for sale by all drug-gists at 50 cents per bottle.

HAVING just bought for cash an entire stock of watches, clocks and Rogers Bros.' knives, forks and spoons from an assigned house in Cincinnati, I will place these goods on sale at the lowest prices these goods have ever been sold.

P. J. MURPHY.

Mr. BEN HIXON, of the county, has had the misfortune to lose a good many fat hogs out of a lot he is feeding. He has tried all the remedies he can hear of, but nothing has proved of any avail.

### MAYSVILLE MAN INTERESTED.

Sale of the Bedford Farm in Bourbon County Set Aside, But the Case Has BeenAppealed.

Bourbon News: "The most important equity case of the term was decided Saturday, when the court set aside the sale of the Edwin G. Bedford property.

"The style of the suit was the Northern Bank, etc., vs. Edwin G. Bedford.

"The property, which consists of 540 acres of land, was sold at Master's sale on January 3d to Mr. Louis Joerger, of Mason County, at sixty-six dollars per acre.

"The purchaser was represented in the suit by Attorney Cochran, of Maysville, and the plaintiff was represented by Judge J. H. Brent and J. Q. Ward. The case has been appealed."

FIRE insurance—John C. Everett.

## Regarding That Easter Suit of Yours and Your Boy's.

Why not get it from us?

Not only can we save you money on every purchase, but we have a most charming variety to select from.

To see our complete line of Tailor-made Suits is to see the most perfect creations of foreign and domestic tailoring art.

Let us tell you about several items of our Spring importations.

First—A complete line of L. Adler Bros. & Co. Merchant Tailored Suits and Pants.

Second—A complete line of the Stein Bloch Co. exclusively tailored Suits and Pants.

Third—A complete line of Straus & Bros.' High Art Clothing, and a complete line of Fechheimer, Kiefer & Co.'s Custom-made Clothing.

All of the above mentioned firms are noted as the producers of the very best of Men's goods made.

### Our Boys' and Children's Suits.

are made for us (exclusively) by the celebrated houses of Kane, McCaffrey & Co. and H. Kuhn & Sons, New York, —few as good, none better.

Our Spring stock of HATS, Shirts, Neckwear and Footwear is simply par excellence.

Our Spring stock of

### Men's Fine Shoes.

is here. They are from the celebrated manufacturers of Packard & Field, Brockton, Mass., and Smith & Stoughton, Boston. Look in our windows and see the goods and prices!



HECHINGER & CO.

### THIS SPACE IS RESERVED

.....FOR.....

## THOMPSON & McATEE

DEALERS IN

BUGGIES, BICYCLES

AND

## FARM IMPLEMENTS,

West Second St., Maysville.

ARRIVED

.....At the New York Store of Hays & Co. the biggest line of.....

Spring Goods,

fresh from the mills. Come in and look at them. You can save money by buying from us.

HAYS & CO.

The New York Store

Ladies'

Vici Kid Goodyear Welt, button and polish, new style lasts, \$2.50, worth \$3.00. \* \* \* \* \*

F. B. RANSON & CO.

MISSES'  
AND CHILDREN'S.

Chocolate  
High Shoes

J. HENRY PECOR.

FOR SALE.

FOR SALE—Banks for Justice of the Peace and Constable, at BULLETIN OFFICE.

FOR SALE—A pair of scales, suitable for a grocer. Will sell cheap. Apply at this office.

FOUND.

FOUND—A robe. Owner can get same by calling at this office and paying charges. 23-24

Notice to Tax-payers.

The city taxes for 1894-5 and 6 which remain unpaid have been placed in the hands of the Chief of Police for collection. All persons owing same are hereby notified to settle without delay and avoid the penalty.

M. J. DONOVAN,

Chief of Police, C. M.

Mrs. DR. SCOTT, a sister of Governor Bradley, died Tuesday morning at Somerton.

MR. AND MRS. WILLIAM WINN, formerly of this city, are at Paris, where they have spent the winter. Mr. Winn is in very feeble health, we are sorry to learn.

### THE KENTUCKY.

Dedicated, with pride in our great battle ship, to Miss Christine, daughter of Hon. Wm. O. Bradley, Governor of Kentucky, March, 1898, by Paul O'Connor of Covington.]  
While o'er billows of glory the muse of the seas Is lifted on high in the song of the breeze, And the glance of the ocean gives back like a star The gleam of the Orient flashing afar, Go forth, gallant ship, o'er the face of the deep, Where the loud surges roll and wild tempests sweep, And the mandate of man bears no echoings save The fierce laugh of the wind or the wall of the wave.  
Go forth in thy glory, O King of the tide! Go forth but in honor, return but in pride, Bear the flag of our country unspotted by shame And the laurels of Kentucky unblazoned by fame, While the thunder of cannon breaks over the seas And the flag is unfurled to the kiss of the breeze, And the waves give the greeting in dashings on high Like the whirling of torrents which burst from the sky; When the lightning's dread arrows pierce night's starry shroud.  
From the hands of the Storm King enthroned in the clouds, We launch thee, proud vessel, war's consort and bride, A star of the ocean abeam o'er the tide!  
The scouring avenger of outrage to be, And the pride of our nation, our state and the sea, Where the red fiend of battle with carnage is drunk, And our heroes immortal were slaughtered and sunk, And their blood dyes the seas, unavenged as they sleep  
By the requiem wave as it walls o'er the deep, Let the roar of thy guns be a hymn to the slain And the dirge of the men who went down with the Maine: And bear through the smoke of the conflict on high.  
In triumph unfurling its folds to the sky, Thy ensign of glory unsullied by shame, Enshrinéd with the name of Kentucky and fame.

### COUNTY CULLINGS.

Items Picked Up by the Bulletin's Correspondents in Mason and Elsewhere.

### MAYSLICK.

Spring has opened.  
George Benz is able to be out again.  
Miss Anna Cogan has gone to Cincinnati.  
Hiram Taylor has returned home after a visit to friends here.  
Will Gooding has gone to Ohio, agent for the Deering Binder.  
Miss Katie Desmond, of Maysville, is visiting her aunt, Mrs. Jobst.  
Charles Dawson and family, of Maysville, have taken up their residence here.  
The Guilliote property recently purchased by Mr. Morford is being repaired, papered and painted, and will have a neat appearance; and when finished will be used as a first class hotel and saloon.

### PLUMVILLE.

A. L. Redman visited relatives in the State of Lewis last week.  
Mr. George Enochs, our blacksmith, and Miss Mamie Williams, of Maysville, were married Monday.  
There'll be a box supper at the church here Thursday evening, March 24th, for the benefit of the church.  
Master Clarence Redman returned to his home near Tollesboro Sunday after a pleasant visit with relatives here.  
Wm. Hicks and his pupils visited Miss Maggie Bean's school at Bull Creek a few evenings ago. The evening was spent very pleasantly with spelling, each school joining lively in the contest.  
J. L. Bean celebrated the thirty-ninth anniversary of his birth Sunday, 13th instant. Quite a number of his friends were present and the day was delightfully passed with feasting and social chat.  
W. H. Thomas, of Orangeburg, has rented what is known as the Samuel Sweet farm. The price paid was \$147.50. The farm was put up for rent to the highest bidder. James Sweet bid \$147.25, with the promise of A. M. J. Cochran, of Maysville, as surety.

### HELENA STATION.

W. H. Robb was in Cincinnati last week and attended the tobacco sales.

E. R. Davis sold his crop of tobacco to Mr. Collins at Flemingsburg for 9 and 4 cents.

Jno. Allen came down from Richmond last Friday to visit his mother for a few days.

Mrs. Belle Wells sold her tobacco to Mr. Spencer at Marshall, Ky., for \$1.25, in winter order.

Miss Mary Finch returned home Friday after visiting her sister, Mrs. Dr. Church, at Chicago.

Dr. Lawwill, of Danville, visited W. H. Robb Saturday and Sunday and returned home Monday morning.

Wheat is looking well, also some tobacco plants up. Mrs. Belle Wells has some nearly as large as nickel.

Miss Alberta Caldwell returned to her home in Mayslick last week after a pleasant visit with Miss Jean Brough.

Raiders visited the gate on the Helena and Wedonia pike Friday night and demolished the gate and part of the house and fired several shots into the keeper's (T. F. Kiff) house and told him they would kill him next time if he collected any more toll. He is not collecting any more.

### GERMANTOWN.

Mrs. J. H. Walton is in very feeble health. Quarterly meeting at Hebron Saturday and Sunday next.

Miss Gertrude Pollock has entered Mrs. Robinson's select school.

Mr. Hudson, of Boone County, spent several days with his brother-in-law, Mr. E. Thompson.

Raiders for the second time destroyed the gate on the Bridgeville pike, and notified the keeper that if he collected any more toll they would blow up the house.

Mrs. Lena McKinley will open a first class millinery store in the room west of the school house. She has engaged the services of Mrs. Adams, of Covington, for trimming.

Dr. C. W. Norris, of Lexington, Amos Gordon and wife, of Parkersburg, Miss Hattie Dwire, of Covington, Samuel Proctor and wife, Benj. Wood and children, of Shannon, and Mrs. Hattie Hart and son, of Flemingsburg, attended the funeral of their relative, Miss Emma Gordon.

Rev. D. Welburn conducted the funeral services of Miss Emma B. Gordon at the home of her sister, Mrs. E. M. Norris, on Sunday afternoon after which the remains were carried to their last resting place beside those of her parents in the family burying-ground, near Fern Leaf. No sad duty has ever befallen to our lot than recording the death of this estimable woman. She was the daughter of Charles and Harriet Gordon, born at the old homestead near Fern Leaf and resided with her parents until their death about fifteen years ago; shortly afterwards com-

ing to make her home with her sister with whom she had since resided. Early in life she united with the M. E. Church, South, and remained faithful to the day of her decease. Health she had never known; sickness and suffering, pain and anguish were her constant companions through life, yet amid them all she was ever cheerful and uncomplaining; a faithful reader of the Bible and lover of its promises and teachings her faith in him who doeth all things well never wavered. She died as she had lived, a true and faithful Christian. But Emma has gone, her little frail body sleeps beneath the sod. No more does she greet us with her pleasant smile and cheerful voice, no more do we hear the pitiful call for relief from those terrible pains, but in that land where pain and sorrow never come, where no shadows ever fall she rests in the sheltering bosom of him who said, "Come unto me all you that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest." What a dark world this would be if it were not for the hope inspired by the thought of a great beyond where we shall "know as we are known."

The dyspeptic carries a dreadful load on his back. It seems as if he were really made up of two men. One of them ambitious, brainy and energetic; the other sick, listless, peevish and without force. The weak man weighs the other one down. The dyspeptic may be able to do pretty good work one day, and the next day because some little indiscretion in eating, he may be able to do nothing at all. Most cases of dyspepsia start with constipation. Constipation is the cause of nine-tenths of all human sickness. Some of its symptoms are sick and bilious headache, dizziness, sour stomach, loss of appetite, foul breath, windy belching, heartburn, pain and distress after eating. All these are indicative of derangements of the liver, stomach and bowels, and all are caused by constipation. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are the quickest, easiest and most certain cure for this condition. They are not violent in action.

Send 21 cents in one-cent stamps to World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y., and receive Dr. Pierce's 100-page Common Sense Medical Adviser, illustrated.

### PERSONAL.

Mrs. O. B. Stitt has returned from a trip to Cincinnati.

Judge Wadsworth was in Manchester Tuesday on business.

Mrs. Katherine Albert has returned from visit at Cincinnati.

Miss Minnie Sproenberg has been visiting relatives at Ripley.

Miss Josie Maher has returned home after a pleasant stay with the Misses Larkin, at Washington.

Mrs. James Woomers, of Millersburg, has returned home after spending a few days here with relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. T. P. Bradley were among those who attended the Tolle-Stitt nuptials at Covington Tuesday.

Judge George W. Dye, of Sardis, left Tuesday for Newport News to witness the launching of the Kentucky.

Messrs. Horace Cochran, J. Banks Durrett and Frank Wormald left last night to attend the launching of the Kentucky.

Miss Mary E. Thompson and brother Howard returned to their home at Sharpsburg this week after a pleasant visit with the Misses Knight at Washington.

Miss Bessie Purnell, of Millersburg, is with Mrs. James H. Cummings, who has been quite ill at her home on Forest avenue, but who is somewhat better.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Power left Tuesday for Old Point Comfort to spend a few days for the benefit of the former's health. They will attend the christening of the battleship "Kentucky" at Newport News Thursday.

Mr. Crawford A. Pepper, of the Nevada Building, Cincinnati, Mr. W. D. Mansfield, of the American Guild, and Rev. S. M. Griffith, of Cincinnati, were pleasant callers on Acting Secretary Lamb, of the Y. M. C. A., yesterday at the association room.

The only entirely happy monarchical country in Europe is Portugal. She has neither great navy nor prestige to maintain. She is not grabbing out for additional territory, and her government financiers promise a treasury surplus for next year.

The Mystery of Sleep.  
[From the London Spectator.]

There is a remarkable fact connected with sleep which must not be overlooked. The sleep of a human being, if we are not too busy to attend to the matter, always evokes a certain feeling of awe. Go into a room where a person is sleeping, and it is difficult to resist the sense that one is in the presence of the central mystery of existence. People who remember how constantly they see old Jones asleep in the club library will smile at this; but look quietly and alone at even old Jones, and the sense of mystery will soon develop.

It is no good to say that sleep is only "moving" because it looks like death. The person who is breathing so loudly as to take away all thought of death causes the sense of awe quite as easily as the silent sleeper, who hardly seems to breathe.

We see death seldom, but were it more familiar we doubt if a corpse would inspire so much awe as the unconscious and sleeping figure—a smiling, irresponsible doll of flesh and blood, but a doll to whom in a second may be recalled a proud, active, controlling consciousness which will ride his bodily and his mental horse with a hand of iron, which will force that body to endure toil and misery, and will make that mind, now wandering in paths of fantastic folly, grapple with some great problem, or throw all its force into the ruling, the saving, or the destruction of mankind. The corpse is only so much bone, muscle and tissue. The sleeping body is the house which a quick and eager master has only left for an hour or so. Let anyone who thinks sleep is no mystery, try to observe in himself the process by which sleep comes, and to notice how and when and under what conditions he loses consciousness. He will, of course, utterly fail to put his finger on the moment of sleep coming, but in striving to get as close as he can to the phenomena of sleep, he will realize how great is the mystery which he is trying to fathom.

# Lightning Hot DROPS.

## CURES

COLIC-CRAMP-SIARHOA-FLUX-CHOL-ERI-MODUS-NAUSE-A-CHEMIS OF WA-TER ETC.

## HEALS

CUTS-BURNS-BRUISES-SCRATCHES-BITES-OF ANIMALS-SERPENTS-BIGGS-ETC.

## BREAKS UP

BAD COLDS-LA-GRIPPO-IMPULM-ZA-CROUP-SORE THROAT-ETC.

## RELIEF POSITIVELY GUARANTEED

HERB MEDICINE CO., SPRINGFIELD, O.

PRICE: 25¢ & 50¢

FOR SALE BY ALL DEALERS.

Lightning Hot Drops—  
What a Funny Name!  
Very True, but it Kills All Pain—  
Sold Everywhere, Every Day—  
Without Relief, There is No Pain!

People who are shut off from continual contact with their kind are apt to grow spleenetic. Army officers who have lived for long periods at one company post on the frontier and the wives of these army officers may know something about the difficulties of small groups of human beings living together and loving one another.

Keepers of lighthouses do not always get along together, and if there are two lighthouse keepers and two lighthouse keepers' wives the result is generally a monkey and a parrot time.

Light housekeeping in lighthouses by lighthouse keepers' wives often leads to heavy work with rolling pins.

Even husbands and wives have been known to quarrel on the honeymoon tour, not because they did not love one another, but because, being in foreign countries, they were cut off from their kind and were forced to rely entirely on one another's society. It is one of the weaknesses of human nature. Man is gregarious. When a few individuals are isolated, they nearly always quarrel.

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